

THE PACIFIC

VOL. LX.

SAN FRANCISCO AND BERKELEY, CAL., FEBRUARY 3, 1910.

No. 5

Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

THREE OLD SAWS.

If the world seems cold to you,
Kindle fires to warm it!
Let their comfort hide from view
Winters that deform it.
Hearts as frozen as your own
To that radiance gather;
You will soon forget to moan,
"Ah! the cheerless weather!"

If the world's a wilderness,
Go build houses in it!
Will it help your loneliness
Or the winds to din it?
Raise a hut, however slight;
Weeds and brambles smother;
And to roof and meal invite
Some forlorn brother.

If the world's a vale of tears,
Smile till rainbows span it!
Breathe the love that life endears,
Clear from clouds to fan it.
Of your gladness lend a gleam
Unto souls that shiver;
Show them how dark sorrow's stream
Blends with hope's bright river!

—Lucy Larcom.

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Established 1851

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast. Subscription price \$1.50 a year.

Published weekly by the Publishing Co. of The Pacific at 447 Minna street, San Francisco.

(The editor and manager is at 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, and prefers to have all letters so addressed.)

Entered as second-class matter January 5, 1909, at the Post Office at San Francisco, Cal., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

The ten years between 1899 and 1910 have witnessed a great development in Seattle. In 1889 there were 30,757 names in the city directory. In 1909 there were 123,750. The postoffice receipts advanced from \$137,807 to \$968,937; the bank deposits from \$12,357,704 to \$77,510,689; the foreign imports from \$6,812,146 to \$28,104,911; the exports from \$4,481,429 to \$12,669,237.

The Broadway Tabernacle Tidings says of the address by President Jordan of Stanford, "The Human Harvest," that it is a masterly and massive presentation of a great subject; and adds in that connection: "Dr. Jordan and Dr. Charles R. Brown of Oakland have been pre-eminently the leaders of sane and conservative thought on the Pacific Coast in regard to militarism in its recent madneses and pretensions."

Experiments are being made now in the department of industrial chemistry in Kansas University, which may result in the establishment of the camphor industry in Southern California. The experiments are expected to show whether American-grown camphor trees will yield enough camphor to make their cultivation profitable. The experiment is being made with trees grown in Jamaica. Professor Duncan, chief of the department of the University making investigation, says that a large part of Southern California would be ideal for the growth of the trees; also Florida and Mexico. The camphor trees stand a temperature as low as twenty. At present practically all the camphor is produced on the Island of Formosa, a Japanese possession. The Japanese method of producing camphor is both slow and wasteful. The trees are allowed to grow to the age of about fifty years, when they are cut down and the gum extracted from the wood. Professor Duncan is asked to determine whether, if the trees can be grown in America, it is possible to cut them back from time to time and whether it will be more profitable to do that and to extract the camphor from the cut branches and leaves than to cut down the trees. If the trees will stand cutting back about every five years, Professor Duncan believes that plan will be much more economical and that plantations can be brought to the point of production in five years.

Free lunches in electric cars is an innovation announced by the Oregon Electric Railway Company, a line operating between Portland and Salem. Speaking of the observation cars which will be put on the road soon, The Oregonian says: "Nothing just like the observation cars to be added to the Oregon Electric equipment is in use in the West. On the Seattle-Tacoma line each train carries an observation car, but only one-half of the rear car is devoted to chair and observation features. The rest of the car is the same as the ordinary coach. On the Oregon Electric the full length of the car will be devoted to chair-car and observation purposes. The specifications call for a car sixty-two feet long, at the rear end of which will be an observation platform nine and one-half feet deep covered by a dome and well protected. Wicker chairs will be carried on the platform, which will be enclosed by a brass railing. A plate-glass partition will divide the observation platform from the body of the car. In the main part of the car chairs will be installed and wide windows provided. In the front end will be the buffet, lavatories, and a smoking compartment. Each car will seat about forty-two passengers. A porter will be in charge, and at meal hours a light luncheon, consisting of tea or coffee and toast or rolls will be served free of charge to patrons of the car. There will be an additional charge for seats in the observation cars."

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

It is estimated that the damage by smoke in the large cities in the United States is \$500,000,000 a year.

Old age pensioners numbered 686,000 in England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland last year. There were 44,000 in London. The disbursements were nearly seven million pounds.

John R. Mott, secretary of the World's Student Christian Federation, predicts that the next ten years will bring about as wonderful changes in China as have been brought about during the last forty in Japan.

Christianity has had rapid growth in China during the last nine years. It was said after the Boxer trouble that Christianity would be a long time recovering in China. But since then the number of Christians has increased at least 150,000.

Fifteen years ago there were only about 15,000 Christians in Korea. Now there are 200,000. On his recent tour Dr. Brown of the Presbyterian board of foreign missions, attended a prayer-meeting in Korea at which 1,800 persons were present.

A large part of the \$9,200 so far contributed for the revision of the Vulgate has come from the United States, says Abbot Gasquet, who was entrusted with that work by the pope. The work of revision, which was begun in 1907, will require eight years.

The Christian people of this country have 600,000,000 people in non-Christian lands dependent upon them for the blessings of Christianity. They spend \$12,000,000 a year to reach them; \$48,000,000 is needed. The Laymen's Missionary Movement aims to work up to that sum.

The Rev. Dr. McKenzie has presented his resignation as pastor of the First Congregational Church of Cambridge, Massachusetts, which position he has held for forty-three

years. Dr. McKenzie is in his eightieth year. The First Church of Cambridge has had only eleven ministers during the two hundred and seventy-four years of its existence.

The benevolences of Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, amounted to \$260,000 last year. This is the church that sought to bring across the waters the Rev. J. H. Jowett of Birmingham, England, offering a cash salary of \$12,000 a year and a \$5,000 parsonage. The same church sought Dr. Campbell Morgan a few years ago. Years ago it brought over from Ireland Dr. John Hall, who had a long and notable pastorate.

"There is no fact in the life of the modern city church which is more deserving of the careful consideration of earnest men and women than the surprisingly small number of those uniting with the church on confession of their faith," says the Rev. Dr. Jefferson of Broadway Tabernacle New York. "The large proportion of recruits to the city army simply march over from an adjacent camp. The country towns are feeding the cities and the city church is largely made up of people who have been converted in the village church. Why is this? The city church is not lacking in any of the things which the rural church would be glad to have. It has money, and excellent music, and able preaching, and large congregations, and abundant culture, but notwithstanding all these, the number of conversions in the average city church is lamentably meagre. Does the fault lie with the church or with the people? Does the city church become lukewarm and cease to care for conversions, or are the seductions of a great city so numerous and so mighty that only an occasional soul can be reached no matter what spiritual forces are brought to operate upon it? It is a question for preachers and it is also a question for laymen."

AN AVIATION MEDITATION.

W. N. Burr.

Biplanes, monoplanes, dirigibles, balloons—the air has been full of them here in the vicinity of Los Angeles for ten days. The great "Aviation Meet" has been drawing the eyes of the world towards our Southland.

Late one afternoon, as I stood in the parsonage yard and watched a balloon that was sailing by from Huntington Park to Hollywood, trying to make an "altitude record" and it sailed at an altitude of nearly eleven thousand feet we were told afterward—some mental flashlight brought out Dr. WASHINGTON GLADDEN'S sermon, "Where Does the Sky Begin?"

"We have lived in it all our lives, and could not live anywhere else," says Dr. Gladden. "All above ground is sky. There can be no middle term between the two. Atmosphere and light, these are the elements of which the sky is composed, and there is no division, real or imaginary, by which some realm above is separated from the realm below. The steamship divides the sky when she ploughs the wave; the swift railway train is rushing through it; the fine lady in her coach moves gracefully in the same elements; the workingman going every morning to his daily toil is walking through the sky! Earth-plodders are we all? Yea, and something more, if we only knew it!"

Just then another flashlight, and I saw the little

sticker down on the bridgerailing that asks of every passer-by whose eye catches it, "Where will you spend eternity?" Is that close enough to the life of today to make a strong appeal to men to whom the only things that seem very real are those that are near at hand? Would not the message of the little sticker strike with true ring if it were to read, "How are you spending eternity?" Where does the sky begin? It is here as well as there. Where does eternity begin? Its range is from everlasting to everlasting!

The flashlight again, and the Master's words were gripping mind and heart: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life and shall not come into judgment, but is passed from death unto life!"

The "New York" sailing by, eleven thousand feet above the ground, had led me by way of Dr. Gladden's sermon and the sticker on the bridge, to the blessed assurance of the Master's "hath" and "is passed" in John 5:24.

La Canada, Cal., Jan. 22.

THE CONSTITUTION AND GOVERNMENT OF DENMARK.

By Prof. Granville F. Foster.

Denmark is to-day one of the smallest countries of Europe, while its foreign possessions are far from being valuable. The area of the homeland is only 14,500 square miles, but it owns Iceland with 40,000 square miles, the Faroe Islands, between Iceland and Scotland, with 500 square miles, three islands in the West Indies, east of Porto Rico, Saint Croix, Saint Thomas and Saint John, aggregating 90 square miles, and Greenland with undefined limits. But in the Mediaeval times Denmark ruled all of Sweden, and the Sweden of that day included much of Western Russia, even the site of St. Petersburg, all of Norway, all of England, and much of northern Germany. England, after being a Danish possession a half century, dropped away in 1042. Sweden became independent under the renowned Gustavus Vasa in 1537, and Norway was handed over to Sweden by the Congress of Vienna in 1814, and Schleswig and Holstein were conquered by Russia in 1864.

While Denmark, like Spain, has been losing possessions on down from the Mediaeval times, it would be a very great mistake to regard Denmark as Spain is usually regarded, a decadent nation. The decadence of Spain, however, is not chiefly shown in the loss of possessions, but in the present low standard of intelligence, energy and enterprise of the people, so different from that which the ancestors of the same people had before the Holy Inquisition, the narrow-minded bigotry of a long line of absolute princes, the illiberal, one-sided instruction of Jesuit teachers having reduced the mass of the people to mere automata. On the other hand, Denmark has been from time immemorial free from these potent means just referred to, of preventing men from thinking for themselves, and the result is that not even Germany shows any better schools, and the University of Copenhagen is noted over all Europe for the superior work done within its walls and for the renown that many of its graduates have gained in various departments of active life. Spain has to look to the 14th, 15th and 16th centuries for its golden age of art and literature, but Denmark has no "glorious past," but there is a glorious present. For a hundred years art,

and letters have flourished indeed in the little Danish peninsula and adjacent islands. Bertel Thorwaldsen, who, though born as a Dane, was the son of an Icelandic, immortalized Danish sculpture. Kroeyer is the great Danish painter of today, but there is a host of great names in this department, hardly less worthy than Kroeyer, such as Anna and Michael Ancher, Julius Paulsen, Vilhelm Hammershøi, Viggo Johansen and Joachim Skovgaard. Denmark supports several private schools subsidized by the government.

In the department of porcelain work, of gold and silverware, the Danes excel, nor have they been backward in the department of letters. The whole world knows of the inimitable fairy stories of Hans Christian Andersen, some of which have been translated into as many as fifteen different languages. In him we have a genius, whose poetic talent would have been regarded as far above mediocre, if this talent had not been obscured by the higher one of writing stories absolutely inimitable by others, stories enjoyed by old and young alike.

It would be impossible in an article like this to name even all the Danish writers of today that have attained celebrity outside their native country, such as Georg Brandes, Holger Drachmann, Herman Bang, whose works have been translated and re-translated into almost all the languages of Europe.

In Spain the beggars are ubiquitous and such awful beggars they are, who display their diseased bodies to work on the sympathy of travelers—for Spain would rather spend her money on bull fights and pageants than in hospitals. Denmark is abundantly supplied with houses for the aged, for the poor, for the lame, for the blind, for the feeble-minded, for the insane and moreover the Old Age Pension Act went into effect a few years ago and is doing a world of good in every part of the nation.

In Spain, all except a few foreigners are members of the Roman Catholic Church, but most of them are only formally members, religion having very little effect on heart or life—thousands only regarding religion of account at christening and confirming of children, at the time of marriage and at the approach of death. Now this is the fault of the Spanish character and not of the Catholic religion, for that religion can show its devoted martyrs, its earnest, sincere members, its merciful and benevolent work as other faiths can, but Spain has inherited the insincerity and duplicity of the past and that character pervades everything, religion as well. Most of the Danes are church members, but religion is a power with them. The national church is the Lutheran, but like the Episcopal Church there are three kinds of churchmen under one denomination—the High Church, the Grundtvigianers and the Indre Mission. The clergy of this third division or Low Church as we would call it, comprise only two-twelfths of all the clergy of the national church, yet in a recent year they held throughout Denmark 27,504 evangelical meetings. The national church allows this branch to make use of lay preachers and great and successful use is made of them. The High Church does not refuse to co-operate with the Low Church at especial times, for oftentimes revival meetings of the Low Church are held in the buildings in which High Church preachers officiate. It is the sincerity of the Danish character, the freedom from fickleness and duplicity in all that is undertaken, be it business, pleasure or religion that constitutes the greatness of Denmark, presenting to the world an advancing, progressive nation and not a decadent one.

Until Denmark was granted a constitution its kings were absolute in theory, but for two centuries they have been the most democratic in practice. They have avoided as much as possible that royal sort of "divinity that doth hedge in a king." They regarded themselves as the fathers of the people and acted accordingly. For a century the kings have been thoroughly democratic in their tastes and mode of living. In this regard, the present sovereign, Christian IX, excels all who have been before him. He spends at least eight hours a day in taxing labor. He eats a simple breakfast of porridge and milk in a little dining room of the Amalienburg Palace, and his other meals are only a little more elaborate, but no excess. In Copenhagen, he is often seen walking about the streets like any citizen would. Often he stops to chat with acquaintances, to inspect buildings, or to view anything unusual. Oftentimes in place of going to the palace for a meal, he will visit a cafe and eat some Danish black-bread with an acquaintance. Up to 1863, no one dreamed he would become king. At that time he was but a captain of the guard, lived in an old house on a back street, where his wife did the housework, his salary being only a few hundred dollars a year. When Frederick VII died without any near heirs, a great search was made for an heir and to Christian's own great surprise and to that of the public, it was proved that though very remote, the poor Captain of the Guard was indeed the nearest heir to the throne, and he was proclaimed accordingly King of Denmark, and since then he has by marriage alliances and calls of princes to thrones become related to almost every crowned head in Europe. Frederick, the crown prince, married the daughter of the king of Sweden. Alexandra, the eldest daughter, who, up to 19 years of age lived in the little old house on Amalia street, Copenhagen, and had often assisted her mother to sweep, to sew and to bake, became at length queen of England in her marriage to the then Prince of Wales. George, the second son, was chosen king of Greece, and he married Olga, sister of the late Czar of Russia. Dagmar, the second daughter, was the wife of Alexander III of Russia, who suffered death at the hands of the Nihilists. Thyra, the third daughter, is the wife of the Duke of Cumberland and Brunswick, and Waldeemar, the youngest of the princes, married Marie, daughter of the Duke of Orleans. Lately Norway has called to its throne Prince Oscar. Prince Christian, son of the Crown Prince, married Princess Alexandrine of Germany. Prince Charles, one of king Christian's grandsons, has married Princess Maud, daughter of the king of England. Charlotte, a granddaughter, is the wife of Prince Carl of Sweden, and there are other grandchildren yet to contract other alliances.

At the old Palace of Fredensborg, situated twenty-seven miles north of Copenhagen, in a most romantic spot, there is a yearly meeting of princes and princesses from all parts of Europe. It is the picnic time of royalty. All ceremony is laid aside. Like ordinary people they often spread the tablecloth on the grass, and eat their meal under the shade of the magnificent beechtrees, while the princes hunt together in plebeian attire, or row boats on the lovely lake or play tennis or golf. Many of the love matches of royalty were made in or near this old palace.

Frederick VII, June 5, 1849, without any outside pressure, freely and heartily granted his subjects a constitution. This was somewhat amended in 1866 and under it the Danes have become one of the most democratic of people. The national legislature or Rigsdag consists of fifty-six members,

twelve of whom are appointed by the king and the rest are elected for a term of eight years, so arranged that one-half go out every four years. The twelve appointees of the king are for life. The plan of electing the forty-four elective members of the Landsting is peculiar and I quote: "In Copenhagen, the ordinary electors choose one representative, known as a valgmand, for every one hundred and twenty electors and an equal number of these are elected by those electors who are taxed on an income of not less than \$1,070 annually, giving these a double vote, since they vote also as general electors." These representatives or rather valgmænd (the plural of valgmand) then elect the members of the Landsting to which Copenhagen is entitled. The same is done in other districts, but in many of them the high-income electors are so few as to cut no figure in the election. The members of the Folkething are elected by manhood suffrage in separate districts, and each member is elected for a term of years. This body has 114 members. There is one peculiarity in the franchise of Denmark, which puts a great restriction upon the number of voters in a district and that is the comparatively late age a man must be in order to vote. Most countries make the lower limit 21 years, a few 25, but Denmark makes it 30. The members of the Rigsdag are paid the modest daily wage of a day-laborer of the United States. Bills, to become laws, must have passed both houses without the change of a word, and if both houses cannot agree, the plan of a joint committee is resorted to. The ministry is responsible to the lower house and lately the ministry has been doing the best possible to introduce into the Rigsdag bills for many reforms, all pointing to more thorough democracy. Those of English blood are naturally interested in Danish affairs. It is now believed that the Jutes, Angles and Saxons that conquered England came from South Jutland and it is certain that later the Danes came over and mingled with these earlier tribes of Jutland, until it is true to say that English blood is mainly Danish. Little Denmark may have only 14,500 square miles of territory, and not quite three millions of people, but her blood and spirit animate those that are called by other names, while by happy royal alliances her blood is coursing the veins of the members of most of the royal families of Europe.

"BE YE THANKFUL."

M. S. F. B.

It has been well said that "Gratitude is a fountain of virtues," and whatever promotes it enriches the whole character. To this end, a group of women (it is the little Missionary Society of Bethlehem Church, Los Angeles) has for several years held a "Thankful Meeting," closely following Thanksgiving day. Its results have been so happy that I am obeying the impulse to tell our story. Nothing could be simpler or less novel than our plan—it is only the working out which has proved of so much interest. Each member has a "thankful box," into which, when something pleasant comes to her, great or small, she drops a slip with a memorandum of the occasion, and a coin by way of "Thank you." These multiply as the year goes on, and the boxes are brought to the Thankful Meeting. They wait a little, for first we have an unhurried devotional hour, led by a very dear member, who can be with us only this one meeting

of the year, who helps us to perceive the deeper things of the Spirit. Then the boxes are opened. The money they contain goes toward our pledges, but the emphasis is chiefly on the gratitude, rather than on the money. The slips—which bear no name—are distributed, and read in turn, and we get constantly new knowledge of how the heart can learn to turn lovingly to the Father in every phase of life, whether light or grave. We are sometimes touched, sometimes amused, and often incited to an exchange of experiences. The trifles which are noted are scarcely the least impressive, for surely it is not a small advance in Christian living, when the unconsidered incidents of hourly existence can turn the thought upward, and make the heart give a throb of gratitude. Some of these slips I copy—read them, and see if your own heart does not beat more warmly:

Thankful for money to meet an obligation.

In entertaining a sensitive guest, I happened to say and do the happy thing.

Four new garments finished.

For a specially intimate talk with a friend.

For relief from pain.

I caught an important car I came near missing.

I have been able to carry out a cherished plan.

Thankful for a nice letter from a friend.

For finding a lost parcel.

That I was able to put a few mites in my box.

For many answers to prayer in times of little needs.

For the new baby safely come to town.

For a chance to hear fine music.

For an increasing spirit of prayer.

That the Fourth of July passed by without an accident to my children.

Went to the dentist's expecting to be half-killed. So thankful to get off easily.

God has helped me to answer some questions put to me by a soul struggling toward the light.

An old friend is coming to live in Los Angeles—I am so happy.

The baby was good on a special occasion.

I am thankful because God has answered a prayer I have made for years.

The electric lights were turned on.

My young daughter has proved herself both capable and willing, during my sickness, and absence from home.

For a scare which came to nothing.

For getting the children ready for Sunday school on time.

Fire threatened my home, but was discovered in time.

Thankful that my washing was nice and white.

For unexpected good fortune.

That I have a comfortable bed.

I have felt so thankful, during the long heated season, because my house had cool rooms, plenty of fresh water, and an ice-chest.

For a very gratifying thing I can't tell about.

That my little girl's arm is straight, after two breaks.

That Christmas comes but once a year.

While visiting, I was able to help bear another's heavy burden. I think God sent me there.

When we have heard these words out of a year's experience, we go our way, feeling a nearer and more vital sympathy with each other's lives. Our hearts are stirred, and

filled with a fresh consciousness that to be grateful is more than to be glad.

For myself, the first slip I shall put in my new box will read—"I am thankful for the Thankful Meeting."

THE GOSPEL OF RECREATION.

Jane Addams, Hull House, Chicago.

Under the foregoing caption Jane Addams, of Hull House, Chicago, the far-famed Social Settlement of Chicago, contributes a valuable article to the Northwestern Christian Advocate, which we give in part as follows:

The classical city promoted play with careful solicitude, building the theater and stadium as it built the marketplace and the temple. The Greeks held their games so integral a part of religion and patriotism that they came to expect from their poets the highest utterances at the very moments when the sense of pleasure pervaded the national life. In the mediæval city the knights held their tournaments, the guilds their pageants, the people their dances, and the Church made festival for its most cherished saints with gay street processions, and presented a drama in which no less a theme than the history of creation became a matter of thrilling interest. Only in the modern city have men concluded that it is no longer necessary for the municipality to provide for the insatiable desire for play. In so far as they have acted upon this conclusion, they have entered upon a most difficult and dangerous experiment; and this at the very moment when the city has become distinctly industrial, and daily labor is continually more monotonous and subdivided.

Never before in civilization have such numbers of young girls been suddenly released from the protection of the home and permitted to walk unattended upon city streets and to work under alien roofs; for the first time they are being prized more for their labor power than for their innocence, their tender beauty, their ephemeral gayety. Society cares more for the products they manufacture than for their immemorial ability to reaffirm the charm of existence. Never before have such numbers of young boys earned money independently of the family life, and felt themselves free to spend it as they choose in the midst of vice deliberately disguised as pleasure.

This stupid experiment of organizing work and failing to organize play has, of course, brought about a fine revenge.

Quite as one set of men has organized the young people into industrial enterprises in order to profit from their toil, so another set of men and also of women, I am sorry to say, have entered the neglected field of recreation and have organized enterprises which make profit out of this invincible love of pleasure.

In every city arise so-called "places"—"gin-palaces" they are called in fiction; in Chicago we euphemistically say merely "places"—in which alcohol is dispensed, not to allay thirst, but, ostensibly to stimulate gayety, it is sold really in order to empty pockets. Huge dance halls are opened to which hundreds of young people are attracted, many of whom stand wistfully outside a roped circle, for it requires five cents to procure within it for five minutes the sense of allurements and intoxication which is sold in lieu of innocent pleasure.

We see thousands of girls walking up and down the

streets on a pleasant evening with no chance to catch a sight of pleasure even through a lighted window, save as these lurid places provide it. As these overworked girls stream along the street, the rest of us see only the self-conscious walk, the giggling speech, the preposterous clothing. And yet through the huge hat with its wilderness of bedraggled feathers, the girl announces to the world that she is here. She demands attention to the fact of her existence, she states that she is ready to live, to take her place in the world. The most precious moment in human development is the young creature's assertion that she is unlike any other human being, and has an individual contribution to make to the world.

The young creatures themselves piteously look all about them in order to find an adequate means of expression for their most precious message. One day a serious young man came to Hull House with his pretty young sister who, he explained, wanted to go somewhere every single evening, "although she could only give the flimsy excuse that the flat was too little and too stuffy to stay in." In the difficult role of elder brother, he had done his best, stating that he had taken her "to all the missions in the neighborhood, that she had had a chance to listen to some awful good sermons and to some elegant hymns, but that some way she did not seem to care for the society of the best Christian people." The little sister reddened painfully under this cruel indictment and could offer no word of excuse, but a curious thing happened to me. Perhaps it was the phrase "the best Christian people," perhaps it was the delicate color of her flushing cheeks and her swimming eyes, but certain it is, that instantly and vividly there appeared to my mind the delicately tinted piece of wall in a Roman catacomb where the early Christians, through a dozen devices of spring flowers, skipping lambs, and a shepherd tenderly guiding the young, had indelibly written down that the Christian message is one of inexpressible joy. Who is responsible for forgetting this message delivered by the "best Christian people" two thousand years ago? Who is to blame that the lambs, the little ewe lambs, have been so caught upon the brambles?

One of the most pathetic sights in the public dance halls of Chicago is the number of young men, obviously honest young fellows from the country, who stand about vainly hoping to make the acquaintance of some "nice girl." They look eagerly up and down the rows of girls, many of whom are drawn to the hall by the same keen desire for pleasure and social intercourse which the lonely young men themselves feel.

One Sunday night at twelve o'clock I had occasion to go into a large public dance hall. As I was standing by the rail looking for the girl I had come to find, a young man approached me and quite simply asked me to introduce him to some "nice girl," saying that he did not know anyone there. On my replying that a public dance hall was not the best place in which to look for a nice girl, he said: "But I don't know any other place where there is a chance to meet any kind of a girl. I'm awfully lonesome since I came to Chicago." And then he added rather defiantly: "Some nice girls do come here! It's one of the best halls in town." He was voicing the "bitter loneliness" that many city men remember to have experienced during the first years after they had "come up to town." Occasionally the right sort of man and girl meet each other in these dance

halls and the romance with such a tawdry beginning ends happily and respectably. But, unfortunately, mingled with the respectable young men seeking to form the acquaintance of young women through the only channel which is available to them, are many young fellows of evil purpose, and among the girls who have left their lonely boarding houses or rigid homes for a "little fling" are likewise women who openly desire to make money from the young men whom they meet, and back of it all is the desire to profit by the sale of intoxicating and "doctored" drinks.

The mass of these young people are possessed of good intentions and they are equipped with a certain understanding of city life. This itself could be made a most valuable social instrument toward securing innocent recreation and better social organization. They are already serving the city in so far as it is honeycombed with mutual benefit societies, with "pleasure clubs," with organizations connected with churches and factories which are filling a genuine social need. And yet the whole apparatus for supplying pleasure is wretchedly inadequate and full of danger to whomsoever may approach it. Who is responsible for its inadequacy and dangers? We certainly cannot expect the fathers and mothers who have come to the city from farms or who have emigrated from other lands to appreciate or rectify these dangers. We cannot expect the young people themselves to cling to conventions which are totally unsuited to modern city conditions, nor yet to be equal to the task of forming new conventions through which this more agglomerate social life may express itself. Above all we cannot hope that they will understand the emotional force which seizes them, and which, when it does not find the traditional line of domesticity, serves as a cancer in the very tissues of society and as a disrupter of the securest social bonds. No attempt is made to treat the manifestations of this fundamental instinct with dignity or to give it possible social utility. The spontaneous joy, the clamor for pleasure, the desire of the young people to appear finer and better and altogether more lovely than they really are, the idealization not only of each other but of the whole earth which they regard but as a theater for their noble exploits, the unworldly ambitions, the romantic hopes, the make-believe-world in which they live, if properly utilized, what might they not do to make our sordid cities more beautiful, more companionable? And yet at the present moment every city is full of young people who are utterly bewildered and uninstructed in regard to the basic experience which must inevitably come to them, and which has varied, remote, and indirect expressions.

To emphasize the eternal aspects of love is not of course an easy undertaking, even if we follow the clue afforded by the heart of every generous lover. His experience at least in certain moments tends to pull him on and out from the passion for one to an enthusiasm for that highest beauty and excellence of which the most perfect form is but an inadequate expression. Even the most loutish tenement house youth vaguely feels this, and at least at rare intervals reveals it in his talk to his "girl." His memory unexpectedly brings hidden treasures to the surface of consciousness and he recalls the more delicate and tender experiences of his childhood and earlier youth. "I remember the time when my little sister died, that I rode out to the cemetery feeling that everybody in Chicago had moved away from town to make room for that kid's funeral, every-

thing was so darned lonesome and yet it was kind of peaceful too." Or, "I never had a chance to go into the country when I was a kid, but I remember one day when I had to deliver a package way out on the West Side, that I saw a flock of sheep in Douglas Park. I had never thought that a sheep could be anywhere but in a picture, and when I saw those big white spots on the green grass beginning to move and to turn into sheep, I felt exactly as if Saint Cecilia had come out of her frame over the organ and was walking in the park." Such moments come into the life of the most prosaic youth living in the most crowded quarters of the cities. What do we do to encourage and solidify those moments, to make them come true in our dingy towns, to give them expression in forms of art?

We not only fail in this undertaking but even debase existing forms of art. We are informed by high authority that there is nothing in the environment to which youth so keenly responds as to music, and yet the streets, the vaudeville shows, the five-cent theaters are full of the most blatant and vulgar songs. The trivial and obscene words, the meaningless and flippant airs run through the heads of hundreds of young people for hours at a time while they are engaged in monotonous factory work. We totally ignore that ancient connection between music and morals which was so long insisted upon by philosophers as well as poets. The street-music has quite broken away from all control, both of the educator and the patriot, and we have grown singularly careless in regard to its influence upon young people. Although we legislate against it in saloons because of its dangerous influence there, we constantly permit music on the street to incite that which should be controlled, to degrade that which should be exalted, to make sensuous that which might be lifted into the realm of the higher imagination.

Our attitude toward music is typical of our carelessness toward all those things which make for common joy and for the restraints of higher civilization on the streets. It is as if our cities had not yet developed a sense of responsibility in regard to the life of the streets, and continually forget that recreation is stronger than vice, and that recreation alone can stifle the lust for vice.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NOTES.

Rev. Arthur B. Patten.

February 13. Bible Texts That Help Me. Ps. 119:97-104.

This is a personal matter. It is your individual choice and appreciation of texts that is wanted. Do not quote somebody else's favorites; give your own. If you have been a heart student of the Bible, you will have such favorite texts a plenty; if you have not been such a student, then begin at once and search the Scriptures and find for yourself the words that to you are spirit and life. If you would make your experience and your testimony worth while, do not evade this issue. Do not borrow another person's preference; go to the Bible and find the texts that find you. It has been well said that the value of the Bible beyond other books is that it finds us as no other book does. But then the value of one part of the Bible beyond another part is the fact that it finds us as other parts do not. It is those texts in which you have found a message and meaning, and that in turn have found the deeper meaning in your

own life; it is only such vital texts, which have vitalized your faith, that you should quote in the meeting. These will have value in the service because they have first had value to you, and because you give them with feeling and appreciation. It's the individual note that makes your testimony distinctive and persuasive. A phonograph might as well speak the lines without accent or modulation, as that you should quote them without emotion or discernment. It is witnessing, not parroting that is wanted. It is experience and not elocution. But, given the experience, let the elocution be as fine as possible. However, nothing will do so much to produce fine elocution as fine experience. It will not be easy to mumble a noble passage that has found the nobleness in your own soul, and with which you yearn to kindle nobleness in your friends. It is witnessing that is wanted in the meeting; it is witnessing with some scripture that has stirred your own spirit, or that has comforted and sustained your heart, in its deeper need, or that has fortified you against some temptation or besetting sin. It's testimony that is wanted, and not simply text-imony. As "the gift without the giver is bare," so the text without the testifier is emptied of half its power.

It is not the purpose of this article to furnish any ready-selected favorite texts for you, but rather to stimulate you to review those texts that have already impressed you, and to find others to meet the growing need of your soul, and to equip you better to help meet the growing need of your society.

We cheapen our own lives when we neglect the scriptures; and we cheapen the scriptures when we quote them without real thought and earnest feeling. Nothing is easier than mere quotation, and nothing is emptier. Nothing is most costly and choice than such a discerning and appreciative knowledge of the Bible as furnishes one with words of life for all occasions and for every demand.

A GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

The fiftieth anniversary of the marriage of Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Wm. M. Brooks was celebrated January 17th at their home in Redlands, California. The Daily Review gave report as follows:

Dr. Brooks was President of Tabor College for thirty years, and for eight years more at the head of the school from which the College developed. These thirty eight conspicuous years made his acquaintance very extensive, not only among students of the College and its constituency in general, but with educators throughout the country. His many visits to the East in the interests of the College, his attendance upon the great national gatherings, religious, educational, political and reformatory, added a large list of men and women of national reputation to his circle.

The Alumni Association interested itself in spreading the word, and a large number of former students eagerly embraced the opportunity to acknowledge the debt of the pupil to the teacher, an obligation not always recognized or confessed at the time it is incurred.

His own classmates, many of them of advanced age, responded in touching remembrance of the old days and ties of friendship.

The Brooks home in Tabor was a wide one, and its hospitality, both as a home for students and for all friends of, and visitors to the College, made the ties recognized.

by the sending of more than three hundred letters sending congratulations from five hundred.

Mrs. Brooks has as friends all the people who ever met her, and there are many who give credit for their achievement of a good place in life to her and the atmosphere of the home.

Eight children stand to call them blessed, and children's children are their crown. Rev. Dr. R. C. Brooks of Walla Walla, Miss Helen A. Brooks of Mills College, and Miss Anna P. Brooks, art instructor in Columbia University, New York, are carrying on the work which they have inherited. Only two of the eight, with two grandchildren, were able to be present. The others, scattered from the Atlantic to the Pacific, were too far away to come. Two of the witnesses of the wedding fifty years ago were present.

The bride and groom in the golden glow of the occasion showed few of the ravages of time and seem good for many years more. They have honored the marriage sacrament, made home hold a finer meaning to many souls. Their crown will be a milky way of stars too thick to number.

Friends in Redlands called to greet and congratulate. The number of pictures of old friends received will make a gallery of love to brighten many days in their sunset years.

WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY UNION.

During the past month we have sent a New Year greeting to the Congregational women of northern California asking for an especial offering for one of our churches. The call came through the Church Building Society, and we looked for a hearty response. The dollars are coming in, but more slowly than we had hoped. Some are evidently under the impression that money could not be sent later than January 15th. That date was mentioned in the effort to secure the needed sum before the time when gifts would be due for other branches of our work.

But one dollar for one share, or any number of dollars for any number of shares in our mountain church at Etna Mills may be forwarded at any time to the treasurer, Mrs. J. M. Haven, 1329 Harrison street, Oakland.

Let us be prompt, let us be generous; not saying, "There are so many calls," but "I have so many blessings that I want to share in the work of every one of the seven missionary societies of our Congregational faith."

LAURA T. PERKINS.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Next Monday at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity in Berkeley, the Rev. B. St. John of Benicia will read a paper.

The Rev. Dr. Tenney, of the American Board, was in Southern California recently probating the will of the late Elizabeth Hicks of San Bernardino, whose legacy will net the Board about \$8,000. Another legacy of \$3,000 was received recently from Mrs. Billings.

An event of unusual interest in Congregational circles in Southern California is the organic union of the First and Plymouth Congregational churches of Long Beach. Both churches voted on the evening of January 24th to unite under the new name of "The Congregational Church of Long Beach." Rev. Shelton Bissell, the present pastor

of the First Congregational Church, has resigned and is about to leave for a new field of labor at La Jolla. Rev. Henry Kendall Booth, the present pastor of Plymouth Church, is to be retained as pastor of the united church, which will number about 500 members. Both church properties will be retained and used for the present. This reunion of the two churches will mark a new era for Congregationalism in Long Beach. Plymouth Church was started some five years ago, and under the leadership of Rev. C. P. Dorland had a strong and steady growth in numbers and influence.

Among the Churches

CALIFORNIA.

Antioch.—A call has been given the Rev. E. F. Green of Ashland, Oregon.

Alameda, Ward Memorial.—The Rev. E. Hoskins is supplying the pulpit temporarily.

Bowles.—The Church Building Society has granted \$1,000 toward the house of worship now under construction.

Monrovia.—At the annual meeting on January 13th there was an excellent showing in all departments. There was a gain in membership of 19 during the year.

Soquel.—Reports at the annual meeting showed a balance in the treasury of every department. A building committee for a parsonage was appointed, a lot for the same having been donated. The Rev. W. J. Speers is in charge of the work at Soquel and the outlook is encouraging.

Loomis.—The church has had a prosperous year. It was organized in 1894 with 11 members. At the end of the year 1909 it had 48. The total receipts the last year were \$547.75 for current expenses and \$422 for benevolences and local church improvements, including a new organ at a cost of \$90.

La Canada.—The annual meeting was held January 27. The work in all departments is flourishing. The indebtedness on the new parsonage has been paid off during the past year, and the church begins the new year entirely free from debt. Since the first of January five new members have been received.

Eureka.—The annual meeting of the Congregational church was held January 19th. After a dinner, partaken of by 145 people, the reports were read and officers were elected. The year has been a prosperous one. The debt has been reduced from \$1200 to \$400. The Endeavor Society has raised and disbursed over \$300 and the Ladies' League nearly \$800. Rev. H. E. Banham, after a year's service, was enthusiastically re-elected pastor for a period of five years.

San Francisco, Mayflower.—The Mayflower Congregational Church of San Francisco held its annual meeting and dinner on January 27th. The superintendent reported the Sunday-school well organized with a regular monthly

meeting of the board. Regular classes in singing, physical culture and elocution are held at the church during the week. The church treasurer reported all bills paid and \$117 in the treasury. The Ladies' Aid Society, after paying for recarpeting the pulpit and making other expenditures to the amount of \$152, have a balance in the treasury of \$211.99.

Oakland, First.—One hundred and thirty-seven persons united with the church in 1909. The total amount of money raised for current expenses, improvements and benevolences was \$41,468.05. The offering taken in January of this year for Home Missions, including that through the Woman's Missionary Union, will amount to nearly \$4,000. Mr. Brown began Sunday evening a series of sermons on "Our Total Christianity." Topics as follows: The Baptist Part, The Episcopal Part, The Methodist Part, The Presbyterian Part, The Roman Catholic Part, The Unitarian Part, The Congregational Part.

Oakland, Fourth.—The annual meeting, for the reading of reports and the election of officers, was held in January—with few changes in the list of officers and encouraging and satisfactory news in the reports. Much of interest was pleasingly presented in the paper of Mrs. W. C. McLure, secretary of the Ladies' Aid Society, from which was gleaned the fact of an active and successful year of work by this dependable organization of the church. Our beloved pastor, Rev. F. H. Maar, will resume his place at the Sunday morning services during February. It is with a spirit of thankfulness at his restoration and pleasure at his presence among us that we welcome his reappearance in his pulpit. We appreciated the splendid young man, Rev. E. Belden Hart, who has administered to us during the past five months.

Bakersfield.—The annual church meeting was held on January 7th. Nearly one hundred persons partook of the fine supper prepared by the ladies, and then gathered in the auditorium for the program, which included reports of all auxiliaries of the church and election of new officers. All departments reported a good year's work. During the year 35 were added to the membership, making a net gain of 25. All current expenses were met and \$2,200 was paid on the lot recently purchased. This insures a fine site for a prospective new edifice. An increase was made in the pastor's salary. The missionary offerings ran ahead of the apportionment by about \$200. The Chinese and Mexican missions carried on by the church are doing good work. The plan of adopting a home mission church, as a special object, worked so well that it will probably be tried again. Altogether, the people begin the new year with faith that still better work can and will be done under the inspiring leadership of the pastor, Rev. E. R. Fuller.

WASHINGTON.

Charles F. Clarke, correspondent, hopes his failure to write during the past few weeks will be excused. Owing to the severe illness of his wife, it has been impossible for him to find time to attend to his Pacific work.

Seattle, Beacon Hill.—A house of worship to cost \$6,500 will be erected soon. This will be the first suitable church

edifice to be built on Beacon Hill and it will fill a want long felt.

Pullman.—Rev. C. H. Harrison has had a great deal to encourage him this last year, debts wiped out, new members added, and a general increase in interest has put new hope in every heart. The church expects to be self-supporting in 1910.

Vancouver.—Plans have been drawn for the church building. It will be of concrete and will cost about \$15,000. The Ladies' Aid Society, which has gone on in its good work for years, even though no church services were held, has accumulated \$2,000, which will be turned into the church building fund.

Seattle, Plymouth.—Twenty-nine persons were welcomed into fellowship at the recent communion service, among them the Rev. A. Judson Bailey and wife. Mr. Bailey was Home Missionary Superintendent in Washington for several years. After resigning from that work he had pastorates in the East, but has returned to Seattle now for permanent residence.

Natches.—Six hundred and fifty dollars have been put into the bank as the first installment for a new church. The Christian Endeavor Society has adopted a budget of \$200 for the coming year, of which fifty dollars are for Home Missions, to be paid toward the support of a pastor at Moxee. Rev. O. B. Whitmore has organized a Sunday school three miles from Natches and teaches the adult Bible Class. The attendance already averages fifty.

West Seattle.—Work is to begin soon on a new church building on the old site, which will cost about \$30,000. To this end \$15,000 has already been pledged. On the spire of the new building will be a cross arranged for electric lighting, and which from its commanding position will be visible from all directions on Puget Sound. The work in West Seattle is prospering under the leadership of the Rev. E. Tremayne Dunstan. Having outgrown the building now in use the proposed new one will be crowded rapidly to completion.

Seattle, University.—The new church building, which had been erected at a cost of \$55,000, was dedicated on Sunday, January 16. The sermon was given by the Rev. Dr. F. J. Van Horn of Plymouth Church. Twenty Congregational ministers were present and occupied seats on the pulpit platform. An address was made by the Rev. Dr. E. L. Smith. At the communion service that Sunday 67 persons were received to membership, 20 on confession. University Church, under the leadership of the Rev. H. C. Mason, is a great power for good in this part of the city and widely.

Vaughan.—The work here is growing very rapidly since the coming of Rev. Mr. Dodd. The annual meeting was attended by about sixty-five. The ladies served a dinner at the parsonage and the men cleared and improved the church lot. In the afternoon the business was transacted. The bills have all been cheerfully provided for and it is expected that the home missionary appropriation need not be nearly as large as this year. The church has just been repainted and a stove installed. The Sunday school and Christian Endeavor Society are in excellent condition.

Olympia.—Long pastorless and in a critical condition, Olympia now rejoices to have Rev. R. H. Edmonds for its minister. Things have grown very bright and the church is taking on new life. Twenty new members were received the first Sunday in January, and many will prove strong workers. The financial outlook is good and the church has voted not to ask for Home Missionary aid. Work has commenced on a fund for a new building; but the active campaign will not begin for awhile. A Men's Club will be started at once. The ladies have bought and paid for a new piano and new hymn books will be bought in a few weeks.

Granite Falls.—The annual meeting of Union Congregational Church showed everything in good condition. The church and all its auxiliary societies were in a more flourishing condition than for years. All had all bills paid and money in each treasury. During the year the following new organizations were formed. Men's Club, Men's Bible Class, Woman's Missionary Society, and a Young People's Improvement and Social Club. Twelve members were added to the church during the year. The church voted an increase in the pastor's salary of \$200. The pastor has just completed the reading of a sermon story which ran over nine Sunday nights and held the attention of a congregation of over one hundred people from week to week. Rev. and Mrs. W. R. Parr sent an attractive greeting to their congregation and friends at Christmas.

Seattle.—The Congregational ministers of Seattle and vicinity met in bi-monthly meeting in the Keystone Church on Monday afternoon, January the 24th. A lunch partaking very much of the nature of a banquet in its variety and deliciousness was served by the ladies of the church. Mr. W. H. Lewis addressed the meeting concerning the work of the Brotherhood and the Laymen's Missionary Movement, and arrangements were made for an educational campaign leading up to the meeting of the Laymen's Movement. Plans were laid also for a meeting of laymen and ministers from all the churches in Western Washington to be held in Seattle on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of the first week in March, at which time Secretary Herring of the National Home Missionary Society will be in Seattle. One evening a great central gathering and a banquet will be arranged for. Another evening meetings will be held in a large number of churches, and on Thursday evening prayer meetings in all the churches.

Seattle, West.—A Boys' Brigade has been established and the boys are quite enthusiastic. Mr. Johnson, the captain, has introduced a system of Swedish drilling which insures not only military precision, but physical culture as well. A summer camp is planned for. The Endeavor Society listened to a very interesting address by Mr. Eehart, president of the local Union, at a recent Sunday evening gathering. Dr. Dunstan and his wife returned from a dinner party one evening to find the parsonage filled with friends. After their surprise was somewhat over they were led to the Sunday school room, where they found a table filled with preserves and jellies, enough to stock the pantry for a year. After a social time refreshments were served. A meeting of the trustees and deacons will soon be held to consider the building of a new church, the present edifice having become inadequate, the work having grown so greatly since Dr. Dunstan's coming.

Hope, Idaho.—A Brotherhood was organized with eighteen members and the pastor, Rev. M. H. Babcock, was elected president. Twenty have been added to the membership since Mr. Babcock entered the field last April and the present conditions and future outlook are most promising. Practically one hundred dollars has been raised for outside benevolences during this time.

Moxee.—Though without a pastor Moxee is building a neat chapel to cost about \$600. It is nearly finished and will probably be dedicated some time in February. Mr. N. J. Dickenson, a farmer in the neighborhood, has devoted much time to this matter. The churches of North Yakima, Natches, and Atahmum will supplement what the Moxee church can raise toward salary and it is hoped that there will be a pastor on the field soon.

Anacortes.—Rev. Horace S. Taylor has resigned the pastorate and will make his home with his son in Washington, D. C. Mr. Taylor was born in Madura, India, sixty-three years ago. He began his work as a missionary among the cannibals of the Gilbert Islands. In 1877 ill health compelled Mr. Taylor to return to America. After some years in Alabama in the A. M. A. work he went to Fidalgo in 1885, where he built the first church on the island, at Dewey. Later he built a church at Rosario and three years ago the church at Anacortes.

Seattle, Columbia.—The roll of the church has been revised and thirty-two names dropped, leaving a membership of 160. The Sunday school has an enrollment of 240. Gifts to benevolences amounted to \$189. The church is in a flourishing condition and the outlook for the coming year is very bright. Rev. E. D. Weage has preached several courses of sermons during the past year, one of six sermons on the "Deeper Things in Christ's Life," one of eight on the Lord's Prayer, six on Paul, four sermons suggested by the A. Y. P. E. and three on "Why Men Go to Church."

Douglas, Alaska.—The Sunday school work has opened auspiciously and the evening congregations are steadily increasing and excellent opportunities for work present themselves continually. A Men's Club is to be organized at once. The Ladies' League will serve dinner, and the address will be by Gov. W. E. Clark. There is abundant opportunity for the church to become strong and influential. Miss M. L. Denny sent \$225 for a furnace and the ladies of Plymouth sent a large box of choice fruit for the pastor and wife. Rev. Geo. N. Edwards is Plymouth's (Seattle) Home Missionary pastor, they supplying the funds necessary to supplement what the church can raise.

Sprague.—Rev. Jonathan Edwards issues a monthly church paper which he calls "The Salute," with the motto, "All the saints salute you." The ladies held a very successful bazaar entertainment and dinner last month. The Sunday school held an unusually excellent Christmas entertainment. The Boys' Tri-M club has reorganized as a Boys' League and is in a very flourishing condition. Besides the mental and moral training the muscles get fine training in the "gym" every night. A new organ has been installed to the great benefit of the musical part of the services. The Week of Prayer was observed to the increase of the spiritual welfare of the church. The past year has been one of advancement, both spiritually and materially. Over

\$2,000 has been spent on the organ and in improvements on the building. Mr. Edwards sent a New Years' greeting into the community in the January issue of the "Salute."

TACOMA NEWS.

At the January communions there were received into the Tacoma churches twenty new members, distributed as follows:

	On Confession	By Letter	Total
First Church	1	10	11
East Church	1	..	1
Plymouth Church	3	..	3
Alki Church	2	..	2
Pilgrim Church	..	3	3

The First Church has just met with a severe loss in the death of Lucien F. Cook, who has been a member of the church for many years, and all through the difficulties of the hard times in the '90s, in spite of embarrassments of his own, was one of the stand-bys. His presence and enthusiasm will be very much missed.

The regular meetings of the various Men's Brotherhoods of the churches for January are reported as being specially enthusiastic. Pilgrim's Brotherhood had an address by Rev. E. L. Smith of Seattle; Plymouth's men listened to a very earnest talk on civic affairs by Hon. H. H. Fatland, one of our state senators, while the First Church men had an interesting program to which they invited the public in general.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA NOTES.

Our Work in Kern County.

In this section of Southern California which is north of the Tehachapi mountains our Congregational work is vigorous and expanding.

We have the following ministers, churches and stations in active operation with probably "more to follow."

Bakersfield First, organized in 1892, Rev. Edgar R. Fuller pastor since 1897. This church with help from Conference funds is maintaining a flourishing Spanish work among the Mexicans of Bakersfield under the charge of Rev. J. C. Nava, who with his efficient wife is a graduate of one of our training schools.

Rosedale and Wasco churches were formed in 1892 and are in the care of Rev. W. R. Bosard, who has recently commenced his pastorate on this field.

The Panama church, nine miles from Bakersfield, was organized in 1900 and has had fruitful service rendered by Rev. John Roberts, who soon closes this pastorate and is succeeded by Rev. W. W. Riley. The Old River congregation is soon to be formed into a church and with Greenfield as a station the three neighborhoods will be served by the one minister.

The church at Kern was organized in 1905 and is in the care of Rev. A. L. Knudson, who succeeded the Rev. O. F. Thayer, under whose leadership a beautiful brick church was built. Under these two pastors this field is a most encouraging illustration of what can be done under circumstances of limitation and difficulty.

Oil Center was organized in 1905, following preaching appointments and Sunday school conducted by Rev. Mr. Fuller for several years. Rev. Thos. Hanna is the pastor, with a good hold upon his work.

Maricopa is a very flourishing oil-producing community 42 miles from Bakersfield. Our church was organized in 1898, has a chapel with two living rooms and is served by Rev. Thos. E. Watt, who is also principal of the Oil Center grammar school at Oil Center, seven miles in the opposite direction from Bakersfield. After June, Mr. Watt will give all his time to the Maricopa work.

The church at McKittrick was also organized in 1908, and, with Olig, four miles distant, is in the care of Rev. David Leppert, who is on the first year of this work.

Mountain View, twelve miles from Bakersfield, is under the care of Rev. P. H. Ralph, who, coming recently from Wisconsin for health's sake, is also looking after an appointment at Edison, on the main line of the S. P. road.

Thus the roster makes up nine churches, nine ministers and four stations, with a church soon to be organized.

At the present time we have a total list of Sunday schools in Kern county of twenty-two. Christian Endeavor Societies flourish and the outlook is bright. Rev. John L. Maile, pastor-at-large, recently made the circuit of this field, obtaining a close and accurate knowledge of the situations to be met and the needs to be supplied. We now have four churches located on oil fields and a Sunday school started on the fifth, no other denomination, as yet, undertaking this work.

In this remarkable expansion chance has had no part. In the initiatory steps two men have in nearly every instance been the procuring cause—Rev. Edgar R. Fuller and Rev. H. P. Case.

Mr. Fuller has devoted much time and labor gratuitously to the open field; with discerning eye and good judgment he has through the years perceived where the next move should be made and the results have justified the decision. With unwearied patience and well-sustained purpose he has held on through thick and thin and is seeing his reward.

No less can be justly said of Rev. H. P. Case, for twenty-two years our tireless Superintendent of Sunday School Work. At one time he has had not less than sixty Sunday Schools going in sparsely settled neighborhoods where no other form of religious privilege is known. He has put much work into the oil fields of Kern county, has recently opened our fifth field on this line in that region. A large number of churches has sprung from his labors. The extent of his activities can be realized only by those who are out on the wide field. His ministrations in the Spanish language are unique, in the patio of the city and on the side of a freight-car on the desert the pictures of his stereopticon charm and inspire the dusky Mexicans by whose toil our railroads are built and the foundation work of our cities performed.

J. L. M.

Los Angeles, January 27, 1910.

WHY SHE CRIED.

Miss Muriel Million was sitting alone,

With a very disconsolate air;

Her fluffy blue gown was fastened awry,

And frowsy and rumpled her hair.

"Oh, what is the matter?" I said, in alarm,

"I beg you in me to confide":

But she buried her face in her kerchief of lace

And she cried, and she cried, and she cried.

"Come out for a spin in the new motor car,

The motor boat waits at the pier;
Or let's take a drive in the sunshiny park

Or a canter on horseback, my dear."

'Twas thus that I coaxed her in lover-like tones

As I tenderly knelt at her side;

But, refusing all comfort, she pushed me away,

While she cried, and she cried, and she cried.

"Pray whisper, my darling, this terrible woe;

You know I would love you the same

If the millions of papa had vanished in smoke

And you hadn't a cent to your name.

If you came to the church in a garment of rags

I would wed you with rapturous pride."

She nestled her cheek to my shoulder at this,

Though she cried, and she cried, and she cried.

"You know," she exclaimed, in a piteous wail,

"That love of a hat that I wore—

The one with pink roses and chiffon behind

And a fluffy pink feather before!—

I paid Madame Modiste a five for that,

And our parlor maid, Flora McBride,

Has got one just like it for fifteen-and-six!"

And she cried, and she cried, and she cried.

—Tid-Bits.

THE HOME

THE CALL IN THE NIGHT.

Chavasse rose from his bed at five o'clock on the morning of the 3rd of December with a strange clearness of vision in front of him, and a very definite purpose. There was no hardship in the hour of his awakening because it was a Calcutta morning, where they begin the day early. As he took his bath and figured out his plans for the day, he wondered whether the chances of his desire and purpose being fulfilled were favorable or the reverse. He would know before he returned from his ride, in which, in all probability, he would be joined by his chief. Chavasse made a good figure on horseback, where he was much admired by various ladies, who, had he been matrimonially inclined, might have tempted him from his bachelorhood. But he was now thirty-six, and was called in the circles where he moved "the hard nut." It was not a very appropriate title, for in reality he was not a hard man at all, although keen in business, sensible in social life, and loyal in his friendships. He was a man's man, however, and though one of the most eligible of his set in India, seemed wholly invulnerable to the charms of the other sex. His clean-cut, pleasant face, lit by a pair of singularly fine and steady grey eyes, wore rather a grave look as he rode out the familiar way to meet the man whose junior partner he was, and to whom he owed almost entirely the success of his life. The story of the friendship between these two men would fill a greater space than is here available, and might prove interesting enough, but all we are concerned with at present is a single episode in Chavasse's life, which happened in that particular month of December, and had its beginning in a dream. He met Deloraine where they always met, and they had a canter

together, without any superfluous speech. It was when they were on the homeward journey that Chavassee put a vital question to his companion, an austere, thin, silent man of middle age, who was often misunderstood because he had not the winning power over people possessed by his junior.

"Do you think, sir, that I might be given three months' leave of absence?"

"Sure, after Christmas, if you want it, boy," answered Deloraine without a moment's hesitation, though he was inwardly much surprised. Chavassee had now been five years out, and had never so much as hinted that he wished to go home.

"That would be too late, sir; I want it now, to begin tomorrow, in fact. I must sail on Saturday, if it's to be any use."

"Had a cable?" enquired Deloraine, in his brusque way.

"No, nothing more definite than a call in the night," answered Chavassee steadily and quietly.

The elder man turned in his saddle, and looked rather quickly and keenly at his companion's face, but it was quite impassive.

"What are you talking about, Gilbert?" he asked rather sharply.

"I'd rather not explain just now," replied Chavassee, evasively. "It will be easier when I come back. Somebody wants and needs me in England, and if I can be spared I'll go."

This announcement, made so quietly, and yet so fraught with mystery, astonished Deloraine, because it was altogether so foreign to the nature of the man who made it. Frank, fearless, above-board in all the relations of life, the idea of any hidden currents where Chavassee was concerned never suggested itself. But Deloraine was not a talking man. He lived his own life austere, and, in a sense, remotely, and he could respect more than most men reticence in another.

"Very well, you can go, of course. There are three days before Saturday, plenty of time to make what arrangements are necessary. And when you are home you needn't hurry back, you know. We shall miss you, of course, and lose something by it, but you've earned your leave if ever man did."

"Thank you, sir," replied Chavassee, and, in spite of himself, his eyes moistened. Deloraine observed it, and was still further surprised. He drew rein a moment and soothingly patting his horse's head leaned forward toward his companion.

"I'm not a prying man Chavassee, but if it's trouble, I'm with you, boy, through thick and thin."

Chavassee did not speak.

"May I ask one question?—is it a woman?"

"Yes," answered Chavassee. "And I hope to God that the time has come when I can bring her here."

It might have been supposed that after such an avowal full confidence would have followed, but it did not, and Chavassee departed on the Saturday, leaving his chief as much in the dark as ever. But their parting was one of extreme cordiality, and slightly emotional, which surprised and a little irritated them both. Chavassee had an uneventful but quite pleasant voyage, and arrived at Marseilles on the 18th of December.

Pursued by an odd restlessness, a hunted feeling which bid him get on as fast as possible, he left the ship there, and took the overland mail. It was a dreary, wet night when he arrived in London, mistress of the cities of the

world, which had treated him so ill and cheated him of so much. Yet so wondrous and potent is her spell that he was glad with a boyish gladness when his feet once more trod her miry streets. He had left London a poor man who had not disdained the shelter of the humblest lodging; he returned with a fat pocket-book and an accommodating cheque-book, of which he took full advantage. But he was not an extravagant man, therefore he sought out a somewhat old-fashioned hotel in one of the small streets off the Strand, where he had kept his first appointment with John Deloraine. Because of that, probably, he cherished an affection for it. He enjoyed his English dinner, and, after it, over a cup of uncommonly good coffee, he studied the A.B.C. timetable.

Christmas fell on a Saturday that year, and it was now Thursday night. He found that in order to reach his destination before the traffic was wholly disorganized by the great festival of Christendom, he had better start at half-past four in the morning. Accustomed to early rising in India this was no hardship, though he found his drive to the station in the raw of the morning an uncommonly cold one.

The journey seemed long; in reality it occupied exactly eight hours and a half, and brought him to a certain little Devon village at lunch time. He was hungry then, because he had to leave the mail train before lunch came on, and wait half an hour at an unspeakable junction for a local train. Therefore he enquired at the station whether there was ann in of any sort where he could obtain a decent meal. The porter looked doubtful.

"Only the 'Hen and Chequers,' sir, just at the village green, not five minutes' walk. They'll cook you a chop there, and the ale's uncommon," he added confidentially. "Make you as right as a trivet, it will."

Chavassee liked the look of the old-world village, which somehow seemed familiar, though he now beheld it with the eyes of the flesh for the first time. The "Hen and Chequers" was a broad, two-storied house with an old-fashioned porch, and the coffee-room was comfortable enough. He found himself in luck, for a hot joint of prime English beef had just come out of the oven, and the baked potatoes surrounding it, with the accompaniment of a batter pudding, was the best food Chavassee had tasted for many a day. He found the landlady inclined to talk, and extremely anxious to learn his business.

"For the Hall, sir, p'raps," she suggested persuasively. "Ah, such trouble there now, and we're to lose our dear Miss Prissy. She's a-leavin' this very evenin', they say, and a croil shame I do call it, but there! furgits, sir, you can't possibly know our dear Miss Prissy."

"Tell me about her, anyway," said Chavassee, in the careless way of the casual stranger. Mrs. Pendrowen prepared herself for talk.

"Well, you see, she's just Miss Prissy, an' she's been at the Hall all her days, a-sacrificin' of 'erself for folks that's been ungrateful, and weren't fit to tie her shoe-strings. First she looked after Miss Prayne, who was the most cantankerest creatur' that ever was borned, and she didn't leave her a single farthing, though she was 'er own sister's child. Then she stopped on to help Master Harold, till he got a wife what was delicate. So Miss Prissy kep' on, slavin' and killin' 'erself for 'em all, and never a word of thanks. Then Mrs. Prayne, she died, and still Miss Prissy stopped on to look after her children, and pretty dears she did make 'em, to be sure; an' kep' Master Harold straight,

too. Then what does he do, but goes to marry again a terrible person, not a lady, and she was that unkind to the pore childer that Miss Prissy had to stop on again jes' to keep 'em from bein' too cruelly used. And now it's Master Harold hisself that 'as died, an' Madam, they do say, as she has put Miss Prissy to the door, and that not a penny has been left to 'er, that has worked her fingers to the bone for 'em all. But for Miss Prissy, there'd hardly be a stick or stone left of the old Hall; she-ve kep' the place together."

"She must be a most wonderful person," said the stranger quietly.

"That she do, sir, yo' wouldn't believe, an' it's this very night she's to leave, an' Christmas tomorrow, an' 'er not a place to go to. Master Harold was buried yesterday, sir. An' they do say as 'ow Miss Prissy 'ad a lover once, in Miss Prayne's time, and that she thought it was 'er duty to stay wi' the old lady. Ah! but it's a wicked world."

The stranger agreed that it was, paid his reckoning, and went his way. His face was set in a grim determination as, following the directions given, he found his way to the gates of Pentavon Hall. It was close to the village, and though the avenue through the beeches was a quarter of a mile long, he quickly covered it. The fine old house made an imposing and beautiful picture, but he had no eyes for it, his sole concern was with one woman under its roof. His enquiry for her by the servant who answered his summons, was courteously received, and he was at once shown into the library. A lady was there, not the one he sought, a tall, commanding figure in widow's weeds, who rose with a faint gesture of surprise. She was about to say that a caller for Miss Prayne ought not to have been shown there, but something in Chavasse's look and mein deterred her. She bowed coldly to him as she passed out, saying she would send Miss Prayne to him. Chavasse, however, in answer to her query, declined to give his name.

Chavasse stood still quite near the door, and, after about five minutes, she came in. She had grown old, and there were some grey threads in the soft brown of her hair, but her face had lost none of its sweetness. He never forgot the look on it at the moment, the half-tremulous joy, the utter bewilderment. He did not speak, it was not time for speech. His hour had come.

"So I have my innings at last, Priscilla," he said, as he put his strong arms about her. "I've come to gather up the fragments and take them away."

He spoke lightly, but there was a very deep undercurrent in his voice.

"Oh, Gilbert," she said, and her voice broke most pitifully; "God must have sent you. But—but are you sure? Look at me well. I'm old and tired, I've given myself—"

"Yes, to an ungrateful, selfish, howling pack, my darling, but we shan't speak about that. You're mine now. Go and get your hat and come away."

"Where?"

"Where?"

"That's my business, my lady! Am I not to be trusted, even at the eleventh hour?"

"Oh, yes, yes; I'm coming now, but I only want to ask one thing. How did you know the time had come, that I needed you so desperately?"

Chavasse hesitated just a moment.

"It was the 3rd of December, in the night. Have you anything to connect with that?"

She was silent a moment, clinging to him, hiding her face.

"Yes, on that night I was on my knees asking God to bring you. It was the end of all things, and I knew that I had made a mistake. But are you sure, even now, Gilbert? It is just the fragments, as you say."

"They're mine, anyway, all mine, aren't they, Priscilla?"

She did not say him nay. Within the hour they had left the house together, he a strong man rejoicing in his strength, she tired and sad, and very, very thankful to creep into the shelter of his love.—Evelyn Orchard, in British Weekly.

THE NEED OF THE WORLD.

I know the need of the world, though it would not have me know;

It would hide its sorrows deep, where only God may go;
Yet its secret it cannot keep;
It tells it awake or asleep;
It tells it to all who will heed,
And he who runs may read.
The need of the world I know.

I know the need of the world when it boasts of its wealth the loudest,

When it flaunts it in all men's eyes, when its mien is the gayest and proudest,
Oh, ever it lies, it lies!
For the sound of its laughter dies
In a sob or a smothered groan,
And it weeps when it sits alone!
The need of the world I know.

I know the need of the world when it babbles of gold and fame;

It is only to lead us astray from the thing that it dare not name.
For that is the sad world's way—
Oh, poor, blind world grown gray,
With the lack of a thing so near,
With the want of a thing so dear!
The need of the world I know.

I know the need of the world when the earth shakes under the tread

Of men who march to the fight, when rivers with blood are red,
And there is no law but might,
And the wrong way seems the right;
When he who slaughters the most
Is all men's pride and boast.
The need of the world I know.

Oh, love is the need of the world! Down under its pride of power,

Down under its lust of greed, for the joys that last but an hour,
There lies forever its need.
For love is the law and the creed;
And love is the aim and the goal
Of life, from the man to the mole,
The need of the world is love.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

HOW TO LIVE A LONG TIME.

Every time some person announces a ninetieth birthday, everybody who has a pet hobby rushes to get an interview. A lady in Rochester, N. Y., recently celebrated her 99th birthday. She is hale and hearty. She has not had a quiet moment since the announcement was made. Prohibitionists wanted to know if her old age was due to the fact that she never drank. Somebody wanted to know if smoking was not responsible for her longevity. One man insisted that she was old because she was an apple eater, another because she had faithfully eaten a bag of peanuts

every Fourth of July, another because she had faith in Mrs. Eddy, another because she was a lineal descendant of Methuselah, another because she never rode in an automobile until her 99th year, and, finally, a discriminating gentleman all but convinced the lady that she would have been dead years ago had it not been that in her fiftieth year she took two boxes of sweet-coated chocolate sugar pills.

Professor Fisher, who is at the head of the department of political economy of Yale University, and who is collecting statistics regarding longevity, did not endeavor to persuade the lady of anything, but asked her for her own opinion. She replied as follows: "Be cheerful. Be contented. Don't worry and keep your mind and body active by wholesome employment." This is truly a simple recipe and a good philosophy. Nobody will object to it in the slightest, and it is probably far more efficacious than sugar pills or peanuts or anything of the sort.—Charleston News and Courier.

YOUR AFTER-SELF.

Your first duty toward your after-self. So live that your after-self—the man you ought to be—may in his time be possible and actual. Far away in the twenties, the thirties of the twentieth century, he is awaiting his turn. His body, his brain, his soul, are in your hands. He cannot help himself. What will you leave for him? Will it be a brain unspoiled by dissipation, a mind trained to think and act, a nervous system true as a dial in its response to the truth about you? Will you let him come, taking your place, gaining through your experiences, hallowed through your joys, building on them his own, or will

you fling his hope away, decreasing wanton-like that the man you might have been shall never be.—David Starr Jordan.

At a party recently they were playing a game which consisted in everybody in the room making a face, and the one who made the worst face was awarded a prize. They all did their level best and then a gentleman went up to one of the ladies and said:

"Well, madam, I think you have won the prize."

"Oh," she said, "I wasn't playing."—Philadelphia Ledger.

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